



Suffer In Silence by mcpleastreet

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Summary: Will could feel a now familiar feeling of jealousy start to bubble up in his stomach as he watched the couple. He wanted so badly to hate Eleven, who was everything he wasn't. But he just couldn't. one-sided Byler one shot

Suffer In Silence

I took a break from my mileven AU to write some Byler because Will is so precious and I love him.

As he starred at the couple across the room Will could feel a now familiar feeling of jealousy start to bubble up in his stomach. Down in the basement of the Wheelers house the party, now including both Max and Eleven, sat scattered throughout the room. They all watched the most recent Star Wars movie. All but Will. He instead watched the way Mike's arm was around Eleven's shoulders and how her legs draped across his lap. He suddenly felt his stomach turn too sour to finish the rest of the popcorn inside the bowl in front of him. Will slid the remains over to Dustin who sat next to him.

Dustin looked down at the offering then up at Will. "You don't want it?"

The worry in his voice instantly put everyone on high alert. Though months had passed since the gate had closed and he had yet to have another episode everyone still treats him as if he could break. It had gotten better but had yet to end.

"No, I just ate too much dinner." He replied as casually as he could. As Will spoke he pretended only Dustin was listening instead of everyone in the room. "I'm going to go get some water."

Will got to his feet and ascended the stairs. He could feel his friends' eyes staring holes into his back until he disappeared behind the door. Once in the empty kitchen he let out a breath of relief. Moments alone were rare for him. He intended to enjoy every second he got.

Grabbing a glass from the cabinet and filling it up with water from the sink he couldn't help but be angry with himself. His feelings for Mike had forever been unrequited. This hadn't been news to him. Will accepted this fact and gladly settled for being friends. Jealousy had started to fester inside him the day he woke up in the hospital after being rescued from the upside down. As his friends' recounted

what had happened the week he was gone he tried not to notice the look in Mike's eye or the change in his voice when he talked about Eleven. He learned, along with Dustin and Lucas, that the topic of the telepathic girl was a sensitive topic for Mike while he dealt with her absence.

He slowly felt himself growing angry with a girl he had never met. How had Mike managed to fall so hard for her in a week when Will had been silently pinning over him for over a year? It was just one of the infinite things about his life that was unfair.

Will once again scolded himself, only this time for pitying himself.

The sound of the basement door opening and closing was loud and clear from his spot in the kitchen. When he turned he found the very girl occupying his thoughts standing in the doorway. In the months that she had returned her hair had grown just as much as her vocabulary; moderately. She walked over to him, her eyes searching his face once she reached him.

"Do you hate me?"

A girl of few yet blunt words.

She was everything that Will wasn't. Powerful while he was weak. Confident while he stood in her shadow. The object of Mike's affection, a status he would never achieve. He wanted, with every fiber in his being, to hate her.

But he didn't. She was the sole reason he had made it out of the Upside Down alive. Without her reaching out to him down in another dimension he would have lost hope. His mom and Hopper wouldn't have found him. She killed the Demogorgon and closed the gate. Yes, she opened it. If he hadn't known the awful conditions she had lived in before escaping the lab he would have blamed his capture on her.

Eleven was extraordinary. But she was just a girl. All she wanted was to be a normal girl like all her friends. It was a feeling he could sympathize with. Mike had been right, she understood. Eleven understood him in a way no one else did. Despite how he envied her he was thankful for her presence. She seemed to always know when

memories of the Upside Down haunted him. There was never a need to describe it to her for she had been there herself. She had a silent way of comforting him that was much more effective than the methods of the others.

He wanted to hate her. But he just couldn't.

"No." He told her. "I don't."

"Then why do you act weird around me?"

Will sighed. Even if her English skills matched her age he wouldn't know how to explain it to her. "I don't know." He said instead of bothering to try. "I'm sorry."

Eleven nodded. She didn't understand most things. But she understood an apology. The animosity between her and Max had subsided since the redhead figured out why she was mad and apologized. Yet another admirable thing about her; her unwavering ability to forgive. "Bad memories again?" She asked

He shook his head, "No, no." Will said. "My stomach is just off."

Her brown eyes narrowed at him. "Are you lying?"

"No." She still didn't seem convinced. "I promise I'm not lying."

A promise went even farther with her than an apology did. Eleven starred at him for only a moment longer before she wrapped her arms around him in a hug. Will choked down his feeling of jealousy as he wondered when the last time she had held Mike was. Instead of dwelling on being permanently stuck as a best friend he hugged the girl back. They were two sides of the same coin. Only she'd been through much worse than him. After everything she deserved to be happy. If Mike made her happy Will would willingly suffer in silence and hope a more handsome boy came along one day and turned into the person his best friend would never be for him.